

AN HOUR OF TILLMAN.

There is no more objectionable man in Congress than Senator Tillman. We may feel profoundly thankful that he does not represent the Imperial State of New York at the national capital.

Yet in view of his energetic activity Tuesday night in behalf of his Carolina constituents, whereby, by the threat of holding up all other legislation, he secured the passage of a much-desired relief measure, we may well wish that at the time he could have been New York's representative. It was not an occasion for Websterian traditions. It was a free-for-all scramble for "pork," and the offending Senator's merit is that he won. Oh, for an hour of even Tillman!

For the time being this man, who has outraged every principle of Senatorial dignity, was a man of action, fitly representing a Commonwealth and insisting on a recognition of its rights. His misdeeds were momentarily condoned and his derelictions forgotten in appreciation of his practical work.

New York, which is long on decency in its delegation but short on capacity, envies South Carolina.

For the reason that now, after years of intelligent public effort to obtain a new Post-Office, the city finds its hopes deferred and its expectations again postponed at the ending of the session because of the incapacity and inaction of its representatives. It has long been a patent fact that the New York office is rendered inefficient because of its antiquated and inadequate building. The remedy was provided and was acknowledged a satisfactory one—satisfactory even to Congressmen jealous of appropriations for districts other than their own, but recognizing the importance to the entire nation of an improved mail service in the metropolis.

But the city in its confident expectations of relief reckoned without its representatives. It counted on a capacity in its Lesslers and Sulzers and Goldfogs that they did not possess. In its disappointment it remembers the inability of previous Congressional delegations to secure legislation for the city, but finds no excuse in that for present shortcomings. Its disgust with a delegation that is neither ornamental nor useful is deep-seated.

AN OPPORTUNITY TO BEGIN.

While we are waiting on the Legislature and the Attorney-General for action in the matter of the Gas Trust abuses an opportunity is afforded for initiatory proceedings by the local authorities.

It is to be found in the specific complaint of an Evening World correspondent signing himself "Publicity" of a low grade of gas furnished at his home in West One Hundred and Sixth street recently. He has already written to Commissioner Monroe calling his attention to the violation of a city ordinance by the company in providing an inferior illuminant. It being the duty of the Commissioner to see that the quality of the gas is maintained at a certain standard, here is obviously an occasion for official inquiry. The scope of the Commissioner's powers is limited, but they should be comprehensive enough to cover this case.

This investigation would serve as a suggestive preliminary to a wider and more thorough inquiry from Albany. Despatches to The Evening World reveal a general interest at the State capital in the exposures of Gas Trust extortion. They indicate a healthy resentment of the monopolistic methods exposed, as in Senator Dowling's and Assemblyman Miller's bills regarding the submittal to a vote in New York City of the question of municipal ownership of gas and electric light utilities.

Out of the abundant prospective legislation having its source in The Evening World's anti-Gas Trust agitation much eventual good may come. Pending its coming we may utilize the opportunity afforded for making a beginning locally.

An Investor's Opportunity.—The get-rich-quick concerns come and go, to-day exposed and to-morrow rising up again in full working order. They change their names, but the great game goes on with gauds and crowding each other for admission into the tolls. Here is a firm in Wall street with a "discretionary pool," in which, it is alleged, an investor's \$100 has expanded into \$3,000 within three months. This is a lure out-Miller anything that Miller offered. Three thousand per cent. in three months! Are the "suckers" ready with their cash for this golden opportunity?

MISDIRECTED ENERGY.

Incensed by a verdict of acquittal in an excise case, a prosecution of slight importance at best, District-Attorney Jerome spent a vigorous quarter of an hour lecturing the jury on their remissness in failing to convict. The evidence, he pointed out, was all against the defendant, and they had neglected their duty. It was not that he loved the Raines law of itself, but law is law, and a conviction should have been brought about.

Which may be. But why is not less of the District-Attorney's valuable time spent in petty prosecutions of this nature and more in cases where a conviction is of real consequence to the city?

Is it not true that the Tombs is worse congested now with untried murderers and thieves and bunco men than at the beginning of Mr. Jerome's term of office?

Is it not a fact that except for the Patrick conviction and the Hooper Young confession, now regarded by criminal lawyers as a shrewd avoidance of the death penalty, the District-Attorney has fought no important criminal trial to a successful issue?

What has he accomplished in the tax fund swindling case? What has he done for the prosecution of the "fake" insurance swindlers? What of the half-forgotten tunnel disaster and Park avenue explosion?

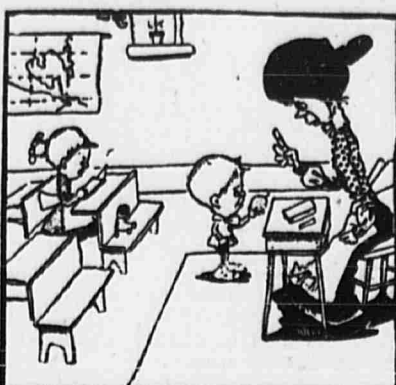
New York has a black criminal record for the past two years, its worst blotch the unexampled number of unsolved murder mysteries of the Partridge régime. It is not improved by the delay in proceeding against the many criminals now in prison awaiting trial. All the energy that Mr. Jerome can exhibit for their conviction will meet public applause and commendation. But the people are not wrong in regarding this of jury-box rage in petty excise cases as hardly worth the words wasted.

Inviting a Row.—The "no-seat-no-fare" idea as proposed by the West Side Citizens' Transit Reform Committee of "One Hundred for 'E'" passengers involves a refusal to deposit the ticket on entering a station or a demand for its return on leaving. The chances for an altercation and a policeman both coming and going seem equally good. It is a hazardous remedy and it is to be hoped that the society

JOHNNY JONES AND HIS SISTER SUE GET SQUARE WITH TEACHER.



1. "Let's fill this apple with pins and needles and give it to teacher fer lickin' us yesterday."



2. "Teacher dear, we're sorry we were bad and we've brought you a nice apple as a peace offering."



3. "And we hope it'll give you as much pleasure to eat it as it gave us to be punished."



4. "She's gettin' ready to eat half of it at one bite. Look out for trouble!"



5. "It's 'most too easy to get even with a teacher. In about half a second things 'll happen."



6. "Oh, teacher dear, your breath has all turned to pins! Your lungs must look like a pin cushion."

THE OLD JOKES' HOME.

By Roy L. McCordell.



OFFICIAL BADGE SOCIETY PREVENTION OF OBSCURITY TO HUMOR.

Those desirous of obtaining one must send name and address and inclose a two-cent stamp.

Carnegie Offers Library.

(By Wireless Telegraphy.)

Seventy carloads of S. P. C. H. badges sent you to-day, the Homestead Mills working day and night to turn them out and laying aside all other contracts. May I present a library to the Old Jokes' Home? ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Joyful News! The Badges Have Come!

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Humor badges have arrived and will be ready for distribution by nightfall.

DIRECTIONS FOR USING BADGES.

Wear the badge fastened to the suspender near armhole of vest, or wear on lapel of vest hidden by coat. Never wear the badge in plain sight, as old jokes and their taskmasters will be warned and will keep in hiding. When you see or hear an old joke creep up cautiously until you can grab it. Then flash badge and say, "You to the Old Jokes' Home!"

At a theatrical performance, where you cannot get within reach of old joke or the comedian who is working it, summon a posse and at a signal let the officer of the S. P. C. H. and his deputies rise and shout in unison:

Crack! Crack! Make a FUNNY crack! Back to the Old Jokes' Home.

Then, as a policeman hurls a night-stick at an escaping prisoner, the officer of the S. P. C. H. and his posse must throw their badges at the offenders. New badges will be supplied to you. Do not hesitate.

These from Newark.

Prof. Joseph M. A. Long: The following footsore and weary comedians do respectfully apply for admission to the Old Jokes' Home.

Arrest This Escaped Inmate on Sight.



Landlord—Sir, I intend to raise your rent. Tenant—I'm much obliged to you, for I can't raise it myself.

Kindly see that escape is made impossible, but keep them well guarded: (1) "How is business?" he asked the rag-picker.

"Oh, picking up."

(2) "How do you feel?" he inquired of the old man without any less.

"I can't kick," was the reply.

(3) "Why is a man's nose like the Brooklyn Bridge?"

"Because many a schooner passes under it."

An Antique Snatch.

Why was Adam the fastest runner in the world? Because he was the first in the human race.

Why is a young lady like a promissory note? Because she should be settled when she arrives at maturity.

What's the difference between truth and eggs? Truth crushed to earth will rise again; eggs will not.

Why is the map of Turkey in Europe like a frying-pan? Because it has Greece at the bottom.

WHAT THE CUT-RATE CIGAR WAR MAY LEAD TO.



If the cut-rate war between the cigar dealers continues at the present rate this may soon be an every-day scene at any tobacconist's.

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

SHORT AND TO THE POINT.

Barber—How will you have it cut, sir? Peppery—Both short.

Barber—Both? Hair and beard? Peppery—No, hair and conversation.—Philadelphia Press.

WORTH CONSIDERING.

Rambo—You're always talking about my drinking too much and about whiskey being bad for me, and all that. Perhaps you don't know that the scientists have found out there's alcohol in every human body.

Baldwin—Then why can't you be satisfied with what you've got? What do you want to keep pouring it in for?—Chicago Tribune.

A NEW HEALTH FOOD.

The Cow—Have you heard of this new food they are making out of chopped corn stalks?

The Horse—No; but they needn't try it on me. I won't touch it.

The Cow—Oh, it isn't for us. It's for human beings.—Chicago Tribune.

HOPING FOR THE BEST.

"Professor," inquired the thoughtful member of the class, "don't you suppose there will come a time when all the coal and all the coal oil stored away in the earth will have become exhausted?"

"Certainly," said the instructor.

"What will we do then?"

"We shall be playing harps, I hope."—Chicago Tribune.

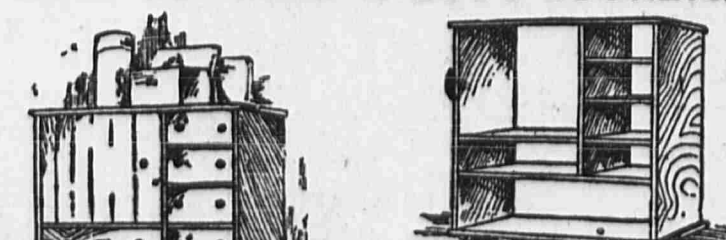
DROPPED.

Gladys—So you're keeping Lent? What have you given up?

Myrtle—Two of my beaux. I really didn't have any regular evenings left for them, any way.—Chicago Record.

HOME FUN FOR WINTER EVENINGS.

HOW TO MAKE A BOY'S LOCKER.



A place to put everything in its place. How can a boy be expected to be orderly unless he has some place, like that shown in the cut, where his ball and bats, his rackets and his fishing line, to say nothing of half a hundred other things dear to his heart, can be safely stored? One of the good things about this locker is the fact that the boy himself can make it, says the Washington Star.

The locker here shown calls for several sizes of boxes. It will be well to get the boxes together before making the framework of boards that is to hold them, then plans can be made according to the sizes that are at hand. It will be noted that all the boxes must be of the same size from front to rear, while in the cut four are of the same width.

Simply being tinned into the opening. The door is made of strips of board, with two cleats across the back, to which strips are nailed. The locker, when completed, is supported against the wall by a pair of stout brackets, to be had at the hardware store, and a catch for the closet door can also be obtained for a few cents.

TRAVELER'S ALPHABET GAME. The players sit in a row and the first begins by saying: "I am going on a journey to Athens" (or any place beginning with A). The one sitting next asks, "What will you do there?" The verbs, adjectives and nouns used in the reply must all begin with A, as "amuse, sailing, authors with anecdotes."

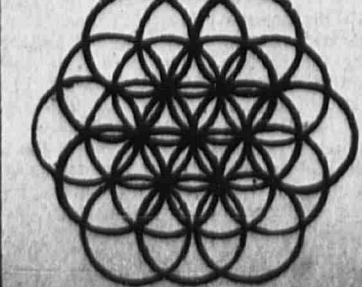
If the player answers correctly it is the next player's turn; he says, perhaps, "I am going to Bradford." "What to do there?" "To bring back bread and butter." A third says: "I am going to Constantinople." "What to do there?" "To carry contented cats." Any one who makes a mistake must pay a forfeit.

THE GAME OF "JOURNEYS."

This is a capital game for two to play when travelling by train, for all that is required is a piece of plain paper and a pencil for each player. Draw a big square on the paper and all the inside with rows of tiny circles about half an inch apart, arranged so that the spots are not one over the other, but alternate, the second row of spots coming under the spaces in the first one and so on. Each spot is called a town, and the players take it in turns to arrange journeys.

One player marks two spots at some distance apart, with crosses and tells her adversary to journey from New York to Chicago. The second player then has to draw a line between the two crosses without touching any of the other spots. This player now marks two more "towns" with crosses, and the first player has to travel from Detroit to Pittsburgh in the same way. At first the journeys are quite easy, but as so many may be crossed and no spots but the two marked ones touched on the journey, the task rapidly becomes more difficult.

CIRCULAR PUZZLE.



The troubles in Morocco, says the London Chronicle, serve as a reminder that a slang word which at one time was very familiar, as applied not to Moor in particular, but to any man of "color," is now obsolete, except as an odd public house sign. That is "blackamoor," otherwise "black Moor." In the early Georgian era, blackamoors—i. e., negro footmen, and pages—were common in London in the households of the most fashionable people. Early in the eighteenth century the bust of a blackamoor was largely employed by tobacconists as a sign, and it still survives here and there. The blackamoor then divided the honor of announcing a tobacco shop with the red Indian attired in a petticoat of tobacco leaves and the Scotch Highlander in the act of taking snuff. Many effigies of blackamoors which were so common as to constitute a public danger were compulsorily removed in London by virtue of an act that was passed in the reign of George III.

MUTUAL CONFIDENCES.

Lovers Should Have No Secrets from Each Other.

By Helen Oldfield.

A WEALTHY German woman, whose landed estate makes her a person of some consequence, espoused a French Count of the vieille noblesse whose fortune consisted solely in his handsome person and his engaging manner. Whatever may have been the case with the Count, the match on the bride's part was purely for love. But, alas, for the international alliance, the bridegroom failed to form the bride of the fact that his hyacinthin locks were his only by right of birth; and the bride, unfortunately, had a strong aversion for baldheaded men. Therefore, when, shortly after the marriage, the newly wedded husband appeared before his fond wife looking like the clown of a circus, with a head as bare as a peeled onion, the Countess, being possessed of more nerves than nerve, shrieked and fainted. Entreaties were in vain; the frate and injured wife at once instituted proceedings for divorce upon the ground of fraud, and the Judge, a German, held that the plea was valid, says Helen Oldfield in the Chicago Tribune.

A case like this "should give us a pause" and set engaged couples to thinking. What and how much must and ought one to confess before entering upon the holy estate of matrimony? Shall Angelina make Edwin privy to the fact that fully a third of the golden locks which he so admires grew upon the head of "a lady from over the Rhine" and were paid for at their weight in gold? Shall Edwin lay bare his own secret devices for good looks and comfort, telling Angelina, for instance, how much his manly figure owes to the padding of a clever tailor?

One never knows what may happen, and the noblest natures, who will freely forgive love for anything else for love's sake, are frequently the last to pardon deceit. They are easy to deceive, since—

"They trust, and forever they give, and give all."

They rarely ask for the balance of the ledger, but if they do, when the accounts have been deflated, woe unto the forgiveness with tears and tears in sin.

There are all sorts and conditions of men and women, and one sort of love differeth from another in kind and in degree. For one type we have Hood's famous ballad of faithful Nelly Gray, who, when her sailor sweetheart returned from the wars:

"Said she I loved a sailor once, For he was bold and brave, But I will never wed a man With both legs in the grave."

While for the other extreme stands the English girl whose affianced lover lost a leg and an arm in a naval engagement in which he distinguished himself for bravery. When he recovered, not being able to write and wishing to spare both her and himself the pain of an interview, he sent his brother to release her from her promise to marry a wreck of a man. "Tell John," she said in reply, "that so long as he has body enough left to hold his noble soul I shall be proud to marry him."

It is this love of the soul, the affection of one true heart for another, which endures through storm and sunshine, through strain and stress, and which never fails; the man and woman who find it, and finding hold thereto, have a slight foretaste of heaven upon earth.

DANCING FOR EXERCISE.

One of the Best Forms of Physical Culture By Dr. Anderson of Yale.

BELIEVE that there is no form of physical exercise that will give quicker results in grace of movement and control of muscles than dancing. Dancers are always graceful, stage dancers particularly, though they may not, perhaps, be muscular. In what we are trying to do at Yale I believe lies a future for physical education. We are starting it slowly, with simple movements, taking up the jig and leaping dance first. Later we expect to try some more advanced dances. These, of course, will not aim to give a man special advantages as a waiter, but they will help the student to learn how to make a good appearance on a stage, should he be a public speaker, and to carry himself well generally, says Dr. Anderson, director of Yale University gymnasium, in the Chicago Tribune.

It is a curious fact, but hardly any men are naturally graceful in dancing. Conservation of energy is one of the first requisites to ease of carriage.

Just why we are starting this novel method of teaching physical ease at Yale is perhaps not at once answered by most people. There is the aesthetic reason. It teaches ease and grace, control of muscles, easy movements, and approaches that conservation of physical energy that is really the basis of grace. Physiologically it develops the heart and lungs, just as we set a man to leaping and light running to develop those organs in our regular classes. Anatomically it develops the smoothness of the body, gives spring to the instep, gives pliability to the knee, ankle and hip joints, and increases the muscular development of the thigh, hip and calves of the legs. Then it has a utilitarian result, as it gives a man ease of carriage in society, and allows him to appear in public with the good carriage that is so necessary to public speakers.

Just now we are starting in with two dances, the jig on step dance, to give poise, balance and freedom in shifting the weight, and the Irish lift or leaping dance, which brings in more body work and gives more advanced work in balance. The boys jump two or three feet in these leaps. Later on we shall put on the clog and soft shoe dances, and then the buck and wing varieties, the acrobatic dances, head and hand springs and shoulder rolls.

THE BLACKMOOR.

The troubles in Morocco, says the London Chronicle, serve as a reminder that a slang word which at one time was very familiar, as applied not to Moor in particular, but to any man of "color," is now obsolete, except as an odd public house sign. That is "blackamoor," otherwise "black Moor." In the early Georgian era, blackamoors—i. e., negro footmen, and pages—were common in London in the households of the most fashionable people. Early in the eighteenth century the bust of a blackamoor was largely employed by tobacconists as a sign, and it still survives here and there. The blackamoor then divided the honor of announcing a tobacco shop with the red Indian attired in a petticoat of tobacco leaves and the Scotch Highlander in the act of taking snuff. Many effigies of blackamoors which were so common as to constitute a public danger were compulsorily removed in London by virtue of an act that was passed in the reign of George III.